

Epigrams.

Here begynneth the
Epigrams.

A Man is lyke
A blaste of wynde
Which at the fyrste bloweth softe
And then with in
A lytle whyle
It commeth by alofte
And whan that it
Hath bowen the full
With all the force it maye
At length the strength
And myghte therof
Doth vanishe cleane awaye.

The childe bringe gotten
Then is it after bozne
And commeth so to mans state
When twentye yeares be woꝛne
And for the space of forty yeares
A man he doeth remayne
But when thre score yeare, is spent

Epigrams

He is a childe agayne
For though he liue an hundred yeare
Full in bredeth and length
Yet shal he be after that tyme
Without pleasure or strength
And at the laste euen in an houre
He shall and muste nedes dye
And al his humours, hotte & moyste
Shalbe both colde and dye.

I Muse muche in my mynde
That whiche I am loth to tell
Howe ryche men shalbe punished
When that they come in hell
I speake not of the good rych men
Who prayse worthy are
But I do meane the wycked sorte
Who doe destroye and marre
The common welth in euery place
Where as their landes doe lye
And haue no pitie on the poore
Although they wepe and crye
I praye to God to geue them grace
Frome

Epigrams

From wickednes to turne
So that they do not come where as
Continuall flames do burne,

Yf my death dyd lye
As neare and as nye
Vnto my hearte with in
As doeth myne eye my nose
My legge vnto my hofe
Or fleashe vnto my skynne
Then woulde I as muche ioye
As Hector dyd in Troie
Or Hercules in Spayne
For I knowe and truste
To rise out of the duste
And come to lyfe agayne.

A Man is, but fleashe or erth
What euer is his name
And though he be, a lord by berth
Yet is he but the same
And at the laste, within hys graue
He must lay downe his hedde
He shal not vse, no chaunge to haue
Neyther

Epigrams,
Neyther of house nor bedde.

Fame vnto fortune,
Compared maye be
For fortune with fame,
Doeth euer agree
Fortune doeth gnie men
Eythir good lucke or yll
And fame doeth blowe them,
wherefo euer she wyll
Fortune doeth make some,
And some she doeth marre
Fame bloweth not al men,
But some she blowes farre
Some men she bloweth
Ouer dales and downes
And spredeth their names
In citie and towne
Some for their conynge
And some for their strength
And some for their ryches
She bloweth out a length
Yet some there were also,

She

offynest w

unto all me.

philosophers had) how our liues are
but shorte, and death shal rydde and
dyspathe vs from this worlde, howe
longe we know not. Yea, and let vs re-
member and kepe in oure hartes and
myndes moze then euer they dyd.

That is, how after the death of oure
bodies, both ryche and poore, & they
also of the meane sort who haue com-
petency without lacke or excelle, they
all and their children and hole fami-
lies people of al sortes and degrees,
what names subscriptions, dignities
es, or tytles soeuer they beare, or of
what condicions facultes or qualytes
soeuer they be, olde and yonge, better
and worse, shal apeare and make re-
conynge before þe Iudgemente seate
of the euerlpyng God, and kynge
Jesus Christ, of all & euery thought
worde and deade, that they thought,
spake or wroughte in all their lyfe
tyme, let vs remembre also, that ther

An admonicion
is heuē and hel, & how by iust iudge-
ment without regarde or excepcion
of persons we shal receaue condigne
rewards accordynge to the spen-
dyng of our lyues, that is, eyther to
abyde and dwel for euer in such try-
umphante ioye and pleasure, as all
mens tonges is not able to declare,
and worthely prayse in the presence
of the trone and maiestye of God a-
monge hys holye angels and sain-
tes in heuen. Or els in such greuous
paynes, woofull punishmentes, and
horrible tormentes, as al mens pen-
nes are farre vnable to wyte, in
the pryson of hell, amonge the vnsat-
iable furious and terryble deuyls,
who ceases not to teare the bodyes,
and burne the soules of yll men and
women, in suche wyse as perpetually
they shal lyue dyng in the same.
From the which the almyghty Lord
and emperoure the kynge of glorie
the

Unto all men.
the insynpte power and bysedome of
the father oure onely redemer
Jesus Chryste delyuer vs, to
whom in the eternal dei-
tie of the moost pre-
cious blessed & ho-
ly trynpte
be all honouce and prayse
sempiternallpe
Amen.

FINIS

There foloweth the
Sentences.

The
B. iii.